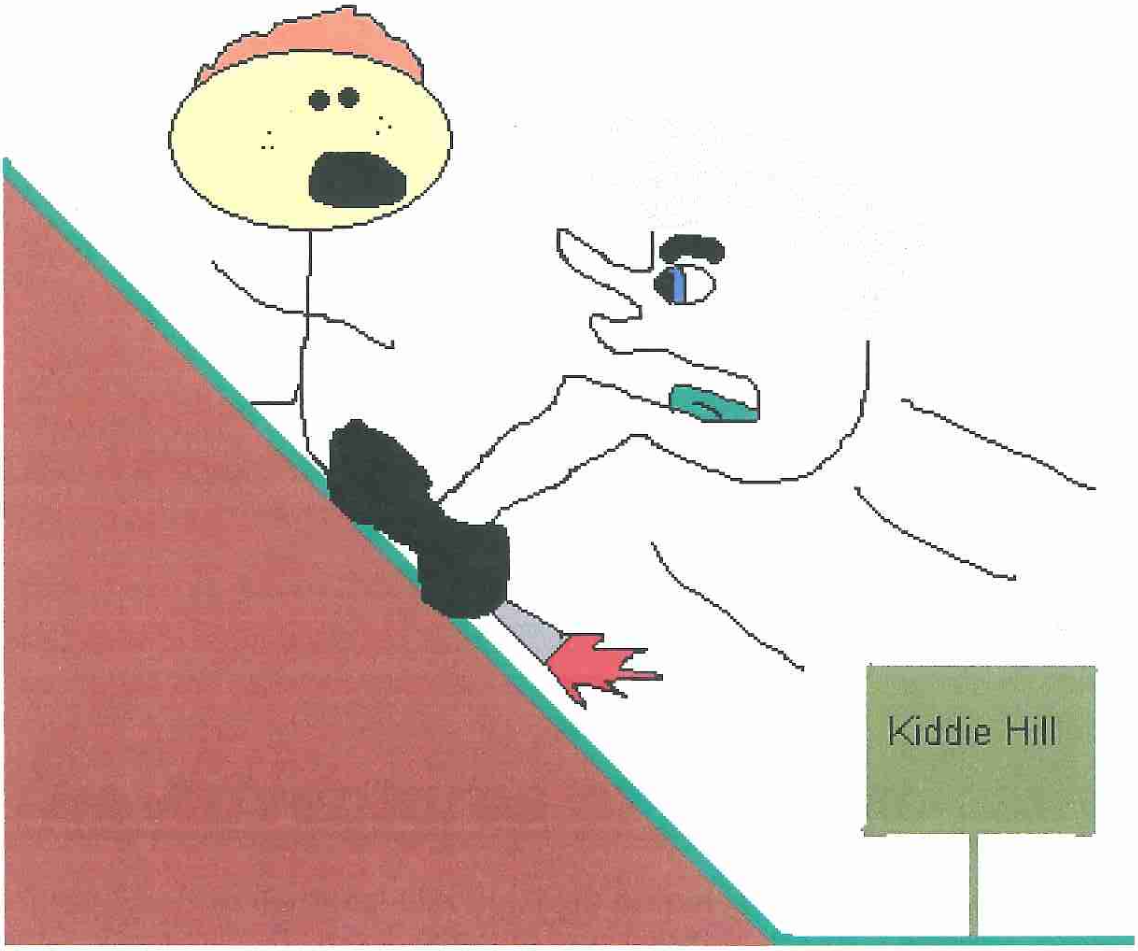
Adventures of Granny



The Adventures of Granny

Granny's Son: Granny! Get up! Your cereal is getting cold...Granny?...Granny! Why are you dead!? I mean, Yahoo!

Granny: AAARQU!

Granny's Son: No!...Well, your cereal is getting cold! Get your prehistoric knee out of the toilet and eat your breakfast!

Granny: AAARQU!

Granny's Son: Shut up! Eat fast so the food poisoning speeds up-I

mean, if you don't eat fast enough, we will not get to the bank before it closes!

Granny: AAARQU!

Granny's Son: Shut up! Get your 1774 Firari and let's get out of here!

Granny's Son: Get in the trunk! I'll drive!

Granny: AAARQU!

Granny's Son: Granny! Stop flying around the car! I told you to get in the trunk!

Granny: AAARQU!

Granny's Son: What do you mean you can't breath!? I turned on the methane for you!

Granny: AAARQU!

Granny's Son: What do you mean you're afraid of the dark!? I put up a glow-in-the-dark sticker just for *you*!

Granny: AAARQU!

Granny's Son: What do you mean you broke your leg 8 car crashes ago!? Grow it back!...We're at the bank! Get out and we'll go inside!

Robber: This is a stick-up! I want all the extra toilet paper you have!

Granny's Son: Granny! Take care of that masked man! (Granny puts a bucket on her head and runs around in circles).

Granny's Son: ...Whoops! I forgot to take the nail out of your foot!...Now go! (Granny flies around the room).

Banker: It's a bird!

Other Banker: It's a plane!

Rappa Frank: Ya foos! Is just a Granny, Y'all dem lil' rappa dawgs! (Granny shoots the robber and Rappa Frank dead with her rifle-cane, and then eats the corpses).

Other Other Banker: Yipee! We have been saved!

Steinbrenner: I'll kill you with this shotgun, Granny!...Ha...I shot you...Oh...No...I got a wrinkle...I need to commite suicide...By hitting...My head...With a...500 ton diamond ...Ring...Oh...No...I'm dead...I'll...Be back...And I'll try to get you...Granny...

Granny: AAARQU!

Mayor: Granny! You are tougher than the police! Your new job is to kill theifs and hide their corpses in ditches!

Granny's Son: Granny! Where did Steinbrenner go!?

Citizen: Who cares? Granny's boss!

Other Citizen: She's tougher than Derek Jeter!

Some freak with 20 nostrils and 76 fingers: What they said!

Steinbrenner: I am outside with a stick of dynamite! I will throw it in and everyone will die!...But I need a match...Yes! I found the one in my pocket that I was going to use to light the dynamite which I will use to kill everyone. Bye-Bye, Granny! (He throws the dynamite in).

Mayor: Oh no! That is dynamite! (Boom!).

Granny's Son: Granny! Everyone is dead except you and me!...Let's take the bank's money! (They take all the money).

Steinbrenner: No!...I'm...D e a d...

Granny: AAARQU!

Granny's Son: You are right! It is 1:00 p.m.! Time for all little Grannies to go to sleep!

(14 hours later)

Granny: AAARQU!

Granny's Son: Shut up! I'm trying to go to sleep!

Granny: AAARQU!

Granny's Son: Okay! I heard you! You think Steinbrenner is going to eat you! I'll be there in a second with my shotgun!

Granny: AAARQU!

Granny's Son: Shut up! I said I'm coming!

Granny: AAARQU!

Bobolicous: What do you mean I sound like Michael Shevlin saying "Shut up" all the time!? Shut up! Okay! I'm here! I'll protect you! Where can I sit!?

Granny: AAARQU!

Granny's Son: Shut up! I'll give you one more chance!

Granny: AAARQU!

Granny's Son: What has more brains than Granny with a shotgun to it face!? The wall behind it! (He shoots Granny).

Granny: PICKAW!

Granny's Son: I told you you couldn't catch a bullet in your teeth!

The Adventures of Granny 2

Granny's Son: Granny! I won a free boat trip that would normally cost $45.45 to Madagascar!

Granny: AAARQU!

Granny's Son: What do you mean 'I don't think it's safe to go on a boat trip to Madagascar'? You're Granny! You can't think for yourself!

Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: Granny! You aren't supposed to use that language!
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: You'd better be sorry or you won't have any Gran Spam for the rest of the decade! Now it's time to go to the docks!

Granny's Son: That's our boat!
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: What do you mean? It's a great boat! Now let's get on it!

Boat Driver: I'll be your rower for today...I mean boat driver! My name's Boat Driver. Get your life preservers on and we can leave.
Granny's Son: Psst! Granny! That means you *don't* wear it!
Boat Driver: Let's go!
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: Boat Driver! You went too fast for Granny and she fell out and is drowning back at the docks! Do something!
Boat Driver: Sorry, I can't. I'm too busy driving the boat away from the docks to save her. *You* do something.
Granny's Son: Okay! Granny! Grab this floatation device! (Granny's Son throws it, Granny catches it, and sinks to the bottom of the ocean).
Granny's Son: Sorry Granny! I accidently threw you the cement one! I meant to throw you the *lead* one!
Granny: AAGURGUQUGU!
Granny's Son: Shut up!

The Adventures of Granny 3

Granny's Son: Granny! I found a little boy on the street and thought it was the perfect pet!...Let's dig in!
Mommy's Boy: Mommy! I want my mommy!
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: Great idea! Stuffing it with Gran Spam and putting it up on the mantelpeice will be a great adjustment to our house!
Mommy's Boy: Mommy! Where is my mommy!? I want my mommy! Wahhhhhhhh!
Granny's Son: Granny! It's running around the fireplace! Kick it in!
Granny: HYYYYA!

Mommy's Boy: Oof! Wahhhhhhhh! Mommy! I'm burning! Where are you!?
Granny's Son: Granny! It jumped out! Punch it in the face!
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: You're right! We would be banned from being read if you did that in detailed performance!
Mommy's Boy: Wahhhhhhhh! Mommy! I want my mommy!
Granny's Son: Granny! Shoot it with your rifle cane! (Bang, bang, bang).
Granny's Son: Granny! How can you miss three times!? Oh yeah! You don't have aposable thumbs!
Mommy's Son: Mommy! I'm crying! Wahhhhhhhh!
Granny's Son: Granny! Throw your Granny Action Figure 3 at it! (Granny throws the Granny Action Figure 3 at Mommy's Boy and it was caught).
Mommy's Son: Mommy! I want my...Ooooooooh!...Granny's cool! (The Granny Action Figure 3 comes alive and shoots Mommy's Boy).
Mommy's Boy: Crickey!...
Granny's Son: Is it dead!? Granny! Go try to eat its feet off and see if it resists! (It doesn't resist).
Granny's Son: Yay! Now we can hang it!
Granny: Oh, happy days!
Granny's Son: Granny! You can speak! All those dog obedience lessons really paid off! Now shut up!

The Adventures of Granny 4

Granny's Son: Granny! Get out of bed or I'll hit you with your own sledgehammer!
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: No, you can't stay in bed for five more minutes, because in human years, that's 300 decades! Get out!
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: That's better! Eat your Granny Oats so we can get to the big hockey game!...Granny! What is in your Granny Oats!?
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: I didn't need to know that!

Granny's Son: Granny! You can't sit in the front seat! Get in the trunk, and when cars are behind us, open it up and spit lougies at

them!
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: Of *course* it's legal! Okay, we're going!...Granny! How did you fall out of the trunk!? I'll just come back and-
Granny: QUEH!
Granny's Son: Whoops! Sorry!

Granny's Son: Granny! You get the food, I'll get the seats!
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: Shut up! Find me when you get the food!...(Whistling)
Granny's Son: Whi Whi, Whi Whi Whi-stle! Whi Whi, Whi Whi Whi-stle! (Music starts).
Granny's Son: Gra-nny! Oh, Gra-nny! How, are you doing, to-dayyyy!? You just keep going, going AAARQU!...AAARQU!...And AAARQU! Oh, I wish you knew how to say some-thing, new every day on our bloooock! I hope someday that your kindness, will grow to the size of the opposite of your braaain! You al-ways make, a-mess! I always wonder if you are insannnne! Yo! Granny, Granny, you stink like a boulder would sink, y'all! The smell lasts as long, as this song! You hurt the children! You abuse the children! You are mean to the children! You *eat* the children! They scream, they cry, ya wonder why! And those children keep crying! You keep flying! You are cra-zy! You are la-zy! And you are just so...Like...A...Granny, yo! (Applause).
Granny's Son: Thank you, thank you very much! Now, I need a seat!...Great! One right in the front!...Granny can just sit on the floor like a hobo.
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: Granny! You, you...Heard all the fanfare and Granny Rap!? I...Uh...Just sit on the floor! So, what food did you get!?
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: Granny! That's not food! Oh well...Granny...Granny! Stop throwing all those bottles filled with mercury at all those people! This is a far off land, a land that we can be kicked out of!
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: Shut up!
Announcer: Oh! Hello, hockeyer people type...Things...Now, we watch the hockey match!...Oh! They're off! And they-Uhp! Oh! Monster just ate Child!
Granny's Son: Granny! I just attempted to kick you in the back, but you weren't there to recieve it! Where are you?
Granny: AAARQU!

Granny's Son: Granny! Stop spraying Granny Perfume on that poor child! Do you want to kill him!?
Old Fart: Hey! I'm 105 years old, you no-good youngin'!
Granny's Son: Compared to Granny, you weren't even born yet!
Announcer: Oh! Monster just killed Billy!
Granny: AAARQU! Boo! AAARQU! Boo!
Monster: You wanna come in, Granny!? I'll eat you, *sa-vage-ly*! Monster! Eat!
Granny's Son: Granny! Just ignore that thing!...Granny! Get down from there!
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: You will be pul...Pulver...Punched to death!...Nevermind! Get in their!
Announcer: Oh! A Granny just *flew* into the hockey arena!
Monster: That's it, Gran-Gran!
Granny: AAARQU!
Announcer: Oh! Granny just punched Monster! And now...Oh! She just shot him with a *cane*!
Beggar: Hey, mister! Could you spare some change?
Granny's Son: Shut up!
Beggar: Hey, mister: Could you spare some change?
Announcer: Oh! And that Granny is *manslaughtering* the hockey players left and right!
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: Granny! Let's get out of here! fly away! I'll grab onto your leg...If I can find it!
Beggar: Hey, Jefferson! Grab on!
Jefferson: Yip Yip!
Granny's Son: Yeah!... (Music starts).
Granny's Son: IIIII'MMMMMMMMMM ffflying! I'm flying! I'm-
Granny: AAARQU! (Music ends).
Granny's Son: I'm sorry...Land!
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: Hey, Granny! How did we get outside!?
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: Oh...Hey! What's Freak and Freak Junior doing here!?
Jefferson: Yip Yip!
Beggar: Hey, mister! Could you spare some change?
Granny's Son: Ahh! Granny! Here's $100.00! Go away with these two! Go away forever! I'm going to *Granny's House of Food which is*

not even Food! Shut up, *Beggar*! Have a quarter!...Granny! How did you get your face on the quarter!?...Nevermind! Go away!

Beggar: He's grumpy...I...I...I can talk now! The curse was lifted since I actually got some money! (Music starts).

Beggar: Ohhhhhhhaoh! I can talk!...Speak! I can talk!...Weep! I have never been able to talk so well! Oh how-

Granny: AAARQU! (Music stops).

Beggar: Party Pooper!

Jefferson: Yip Yip!

Granny: AAARQU!

Jefferson: Yip Yip!

Granny: AAARQU!

Jefferson: Yip Yip!

Granny: AAARQU!

Beggar: I'll order our food...Since I'm the only one who speaks English here...Or *we* speak Granny and *Granny* is the only one who can speak English...Nah! Let's go to the Dutchess!

Granny: AAARQU!

Beggar: Okay!

Jefferson: Yip Yip!

Beggar: It's so convienient that you can fly, Granny! Without you, we would never make it to the Dutchess!...Jefferson?

Jefferson: Yip Yip!

Beggar: Did you refill the gas tank?

Jefferson: ...

Beggar: We're going down!

Granny: AAARQU!

Beggar: We are going down... (Music starts).

Beggar: Down, down, down, down, down the stairs, and-

Granny: AAARQU! (Music stops).

Beggar: You ruin all the fun, old fart! (Crash!).

Beggar: Is everyone okay?

Granny: AAARQU!

Beggar: Granny! Get off Jefferson! You're crushing him with your 5,000 tons of fat!...Hey! We're in the Dutchess! I'll do all of the ordering.

Cashier: Hello. How may I poison you?

Beggar: *I haven't eaten in 15 days! I need food! Anything!*

Cashier: Okay. I'll put you out of your misery for free...Have a bucket and a hot dog. Granny there can have a hamburger and a

pre-used bucket, and that pipsqueek can have some Soylent Green. Next!

Beggar: Let's go to our table.

Jefferson: Yip Yip!

Beggar: No, no! He didn't mean it like that.

Granny: AAARQU!

Beggar: You're right. Jefferson! Try our foods to check for lead and rat poison.

Jefferson: (Chomps). (Chews). (Wheezes). (Dies).

Granny: AAARQU!

Beggar: Um, okay. You can have my food, too. I'm not that hungry right now.

Granny's Son: Granny! What are you doing in here!?

Beggar: I thought you said you were going to Granny's...Something.

Granny's Son: They are both the same thing. I was getting the Granny's meal...What happened to that disgusting monstrosity!?

Beggar: He had the food here.

Jefferson: Yip...Yip...!

Beggar: You're alive!...No, no! He didn't mean it like that!

Granny's Son: Yes, I *did*!

Granny: AAARQU!

Granny's Son: Granny! Let's go enroll you for a job as a speed bump! Goodbye, *Beggar*!

Beggar: Bye...Bye...Granny... (Music starts).

Beggar: Sometiiimes...You feel left out! And other tiiimes...You feel de-pressed! But allwaays, you will be in my heeeaaart! And allwaays-

Granny: AAARQU! (Music ends).

Beggar: Stop it!

Granny's Son: Goodnight, Granny!

Granny: AAARQU!... (Music starts).

Granny: Going to sleeeeeeep! Is not al-ways...So niiiiiiice! But sometimes you have to fight your feeellings! And sometimes you-

Granny Son: Shut up! (Music stops).

Granny: AAARQU! Dang! AAARQU!

The Adventures of Granny 5

Granny's Son: Granny! The marines are here to take you to boot camp for your training! Wake up!

Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: Um...Of course I didn't sign you up! *You* did it...In your sleep! Yes, you were sleeping!
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: I don't care that the sign-up sheet is 4 miles away from here! Get your superannuated behind out of that hole in the ground and come with Marine Private Captain Seargeant Corporal General Captain Wedgiemeister!
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: No, it isn't redundant! Now leave me in peace!
Wedgiemeister: Beeline on, you senile, dysfunctional dollop of bananas!
Granny's Son: Listen to that freak! Go! Bye-bye!
Wedgiemeister: Are you primed to manipulate your viability to poise the autarchy of our established populace of indulgence?
Granny: AAARQU!
Wedgiemeister: What does that disquietude of disorder nullify to?
Granny: AAARQU!
Wedgiemeister: Oh. Let's go.

Wedgiemeister: Granny! Stay away from the warmongers!
Soldier Bob: I thought I was a soldier...Ahh! Get this thing off of me! My face! Ahh! (Boom).
Wedgimeister: Granny! Why did you scarcely inoculate malignancy into that private's superficiality?
Granny: A-
Wedgiemeister: Shut up!
Seargeant Boberlina Boberson: Um...Sir? Why do you have to use such elaborate words all of the time? It does not even fit with your name.
Wedgiemeister: Succumb!
Seargeant Boberlina Boberson: Translator! Could you help us again?
Translator: He said 'die'.
Seargeant Boberlina Boberson: Okay...I'll just leave now...
Wedgiemeister: I'll educe you infra. Now, We-
Snitch: Wedgiemeister! The enemy is coming! The enemy is coming!
Josephina: The British?
Snitch: No! It's the-
Mary: Byzantines?

Mommy's Boy: Mommy says that they are all rotting in their graves by now. Granny would know. She tried to loot their tombs a few times, back when she had a real brain...I mean when she *had* a brain. Is Mommy in the enemy's legion? Mommy! I'm coming!
Snitch: The enemy is the-
Geek: Is it the Chromatic Dragon legion? I hear that they are Chaotic-Evil.
Snitch: Listen to me! The-
Granny: AAARQU!
Snitch: No! Listen for once! The enemy-
General Monkey: Ooh ooh, ah ah!
Mary: The Bananas? What do you know? You're a monkey!
Geek: Hey! There is no reason for partiality!
Mommy's Boy: Mommy! We'll form an ambuscade party! We'll get you out of their prison!
General Monkey: Ooh ooh, ah ah!
Mommy's Boy: She can *too* hear me!
Geek: Apologize to General Monkey right now, Mary. Or else a Sea Hag will curse you!
Mary: Shut up!
Mommy's Boy: Mommy! Tell Mary to shut up!
Snitch: Oh, I give up.
Wedgiemeister: We must blitzkrieg the calumniator!
Geek: Translator!
Translator: He wants to obliterate the enemy legion.
Mommys Boy: Look into the sky! It's a cow bomb!
Mary: Run into the ship and we'll set to sea! Sadly, we have to leave our country to burn...Yes! I've always wanted to see this!
Geek: Hurry! Single-file.
Granny: AAARQU!
Seargeant Boberlina Boberson: Granny's right! Geek and Wedgiemeister can't come! Granny, Translator, Snitch, Josephina, Mary, Mommy's Boy, General Monkey, Soldier Moe, Soldier Larry, and Soldier Curly, get into the boat!
Wedgiemeister: But...
Geek: So, that means I can't come?...Whu-why are you driving away...And why is there a cow in the-AAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!! (Mooooooo!).
Soldier Curly: The cow bomb is mooing! The natural gas is leaking out now! Good thing we're escaping.
Granny: AAARRRQU! I made it myself!

Soldier Larry: She talked!
Seargeant Boberlina Boberson: You've heard too much. We have to kill you now.
Soldier Larry: Oh man! I hate it when this thing happens!
Dora the Beserker: Swiper no swiping!
Swiper the Racoon: Oh-man!
Mary: Who are you freaks?
Dora the Beserker: I'm Dora the Beserker! I love hurting children!
Swiper the Racoon: And I'm Swiper the Racoon.
Mommy's Boy: Mommy! I thought that their names were Dora the Explore-
Snitch: I'm telling! You're going to have *such* a law-suit!
Granny: AAARQU!
Translator: Granny wants to know if you would assassinate Soldier Larry at the stroke of midnight, Dora.
Dora the Beserker: Of course!
Soldier Larry: Ahh! Now I know I'm gonna die! (Soldier Larry jumps over-board).
Granny: AAARQU!
Translator: She says nevermind.
Dora the Beserker: Oh...But...I like hurting people...Especially children...
Snitch: I'm telling the police! (He runs away).
Seargeant Boberlina Boberson: Let's push people over-board so the survivors can have more food.
Granny: AAARQU! (She shoots Translator, Josephina, Soldier Moe, and General Monkey with her Rifle Cane).
Josephina: I never even got to talk on-board! Bbblllleeehhhhhh...
Seargeant Boberlina Boberson: Those poor souls... Now we can feast!
Mommy's Boy: Whose driving the boat? I hope it's Mommy!
Soldier Curly: Now the cow is laughing...It has Mad Cow Disease! Granny! Drive the boat!...What am I saying? I'll drive it! Granny...Grannygetoutoftheseatbeforeyouhurtsomeone! (Crash).
Dora the Beserker: Hey Swiper! Everyone fell overboard! We have to save them!...On second thought, let's go.
Swiper the Racoon: Bye, Granny!
Granny: AAARQU!
Snitch: The police are coming! You're in trouble, now.
Granny: AAARQU! (She flies back home).
Snitch: Run! Run like all the others!

Granny's Son: What are you doing back here!? You weren't supposed to be back for 30 years! You just lost your sleeping priveleges! Now, I'll treat you like a dog with lime disease on a hot Summer day!

Granny: AAARQU!

Granny's Son: WHAT!? You masacured the entire marines legion!? Now you lost your life priveleges!

Granny: AAARQU!

Granny's Son: You killed Josephina!? I forgive you!

The Adventures of Granny 6

Granny's Son: Granny! Get that mangy mutt off your face and get down here! Your little Granny Gang is here!

Dog: I take that offensively. I quit this job. Goodbye.

Lazy: Oh, hello Granny! How are y-...(Snore)...

Old Timer: Wake up! It's the British!

Lazy: AAH!

Old Fatty: Say, would you all like to go to that brand new Chinese restaurant in the Restaurant Mini-Mall?

Granny: AAARQU!

Old Fatty: I...I beg your pardon! I am certainly not addicted to food! I have never been overweight and never will! You and your little son of yours put together are 3 times heavier than I am! So go fly around the room or whatever you do!

Lazy: You're just jealous because you can't fly!...(Snore)...

Old Fatty: Oh! Of all the nerve! You are just jealous because you can't fly, *and* you are lazy!

Granny's Son: Hey, Teleblubbie! Get your fat off the table!

Old Timer: Get out before New Years, you talking blubber flubber!

Old Fatty: Fine! Good day! (Old Fatty slides away on her fat).

Granny's Son: Granny! Get that thing's excess fat off of the carpet before it stains!

Granny: AAARQU!

Old Timer: Great idea, Granbert. We could go to that Chinese restaurant and get some brunch, but what about the others in our Granny Gang?

Granny's Son: Granny! The fat is starting to come alive! It's crawling towards me!

Granny: AAARQU!
Old Timer: Yes, now that they are retired, they only waste their lives away, waiting for things like this.
Granny's Son: Granny! Listen to me! Go get the baker to bake this fat to a healthy condition!
Old Timer: But how will we reach them? They're across town.
Granny: AAARQU!
Old Timer: Oh, yes! The neighbor's car.
Granny's Son: It's gnawing on my leg! Get some help!
Old Timer: Let's go. Bring Lazy.
Granny's Son: No! Come back! It's chewing its way through the walls!
Granny: AAARQU! Bye!
Granny's Son: Get back here so I can hurt you!

Old Timer: The neighbors lost the car again. They should clean more often. What do we do now, Granny? (A car pulls over).
Dora the Beserker: Hey, Granny! Need a ride? I found this car in the lost and found. You must be pretty stupid to lose a car!
Old Timer: Especially an 18 wheeler like this! We'll come with you!
Dora the Beserker: I'm headed for the daycare center. I'll bring you to where you want after. Hop in.

Granny: AAARQU!
Dora the Beserker: That monkey? I picked it up at the dime store. I call it Shoes.
Shoes: Ooh, ooh, ahh, ahh! I looove bananas!
Dora the Beserker: I haven't found the off button yet. Hey, Swiper! Did you get the you-know-what for the you-know-what? Answer in Espanol!
Swiper the Racoon: Ci.
Old Timer: See what?
Swiper the Racoon: See me!
Old Timer: AAH! A racoon with a foaming mouth!...Could I keep it, Shortie?
Dora the Beserker: No!...Now, Swiper. You give me the 'thing', and run in. You be the distraction. Then, I'll run in...We're here. Go! (Swiper runs into the daycare center).
Bobby: Cute...
Swiper the Racoon: Follow me to the front of the room, children!
Junior: Okay...

Swiper the Racoon: Now!
Dora the Beserker: Let's hurt children!
Mary: Oh no. We be doomed...
Old Timer: Hey, can we have the car?
Swiper the Racoon: Sure, we don't need it anymore.

Granny: AAARQU!
Old Timer: What did you say?...Oh man! They left the stupid monkey!
Shoes: Ooh, ooh, ahh, ahh! I like bananas!
Granny: AAARQU!
Old Timer: Yes! We're finally at Oldmolds's house!
Shoes: Let's eat bananas!
Oldmold: Hey, you whipper-snappers! What you doing?...Oh! It's Granny, Old Timer, Lazy, and Boo-
Shoes: Don't say it because of those legal documents!
Oldmold: Eh, don't eat a frog in a bag!
Old Timer: That isn't even a figure of speech!
Oldmold: You're right. It's a figure of breach!
Shoes: Not the Navy!
Old Timer: So, do you want to go to the Mini-Mall with us?
Shoes: No.
Oldmold: Sure! Don't crave a grave!
Shoes: You're crazy!
Crazy: No, I am!
Old Timer: Okay. Let's go now.

Shoes: Go away, you old, senile man covered in mold!
Oldmold: What did I do?...Oh, okeh...
Granny: AAARQU!
Lazy: ...What was that?...(Snore)...
Old Timer: You're right! It's Dog! Let's get him!
Dog: Hey, Cow! You quit too? I just couldn't take the torment any longer. I mean, have you seen that thing? You should see *Granny's* Granny. It looks like-AHH! She's here!
Cow: GRANNY IS IN THE MALL! ALL CUSTOMERS EVACUATE IMMEDIATELY! (Sirens go on).
Shoes: Why is everyone leaving?
Oldmold: Is there something on your face, Granny?
Shoes: Didn't I tell you to leave?
Oldmold: Oh. Bye.

Old Fatty: Hello, Granny.

Granny: AAARQU! Hello!

Old Fatty: I brought some friends to help me prove my point. Pay no attention to the pillows clenched in their fists with your faces on them, even though they are pummeling them senselessly. Meet Puff Fatty & Fatt Matt. Now who is the fat one?

Shoes: You are!

Old Fatty: No, fool! Granny is!

Retard the Bard: Oh, The fat one meets the Granny and they have a war with words, like two dumb, tiny, blind birds. The Lazy one knows not what to do, for it is lazy and cannot moooove!

Shoes: That was the worst song that I ever heard!

Old Timer: That's worse than Rappa Frank's music!

Rappa Frank: Thank you very much, for some rust! I like to scream, I seem to eat a bean! I need to rap, then like Lazy, take a nap! All day long, I sing this song, and-

Shoes: Making rap music, will starve before long (Rim shot)! You two get out of here!

Retard the Bard: And in the cartoon you were so nice...

Rappa Frank: He even had lice! Yo...Yo...Even mice!

Granny: AAARQU!

Old Fatty: You're sorry? Good!

Old Timer: No, she said that you were the last person to see on Earth because of your rudeness.

Shoes: AHH! The fat is coming alive! It's eating me! A*bluhblubbla! I'm drowning!*

Lazy: ...Duh...Ahh! Let's get out of here! The fat is expanding! It's pushing out the walls! Once I finish my 14th nap of the day, let's go...

Puff Fatty: Get away from me, atomic fat!

Fatt Matt: Help!

Old Fatty: It's growing! Help! My smallest arteries are four inches in circumference now!

Granny: AAARQU!

Old Timer: Good idea! We can burn all the fat and sell it saying it's from McDonaldz!

Puff Fatty: That's as close to a law-suit as Iv'e ever seen!

Fatt Matt Good thing we aren't national!

Old Fatty: No! My fat is too healthy for McDonaldz. We have to say it's from the Dutchess!

Old Timer: That's a better idea. Bye, Old Fatty!

Old Fatty: Bye-Bye! Have a nice day. I'll see you soon!...THE PAIN!

Old Timer: This thing will burn for weeks because of all the grease...Let's leave it for the buzzards!
Granny: AAARQU! Okeh!
Rappa Frank: Buzz da buzzard, yo!
Shoes: Rappers...

The Adventures of Granny 7

Granny's Son: Granny! Want to visit your little friend, Dora the Beserker today!?
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: We're going to have to go *through* the house. Then *over* the hill. Then, we get to the Mick Junior Studio!
Granny's Son: Granny, what do you do when we don't know where to go!?
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: What do you mean 'Go in a straight line because that's always where to go'!? You're supposed to use the Compass!
Compass: Aye, if there's a place you gotta get to, I can...get you there. I'm the compass...Yea! To get to the Mick Junior studio, you have to go *through* the house. Then-
Granny's Son: What are you reciting, *Barron's Profiles of American Colleges*!? All we want to do is go to the studio! What were your parents, Strategists!?
Compass: Leave me parents out of this, Sonny! I'll take you on!
Granny's Son: That's it! You're going back in the Bag!
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: You're right, I should get rid of that talking menace too...You're alive for now! Now, Granny, Let's just take a taxi!

Granny's Son: Okay, we're here! How do we...NO! We have to go through the Jazz's Clues studio!
Bag: Hey! I know how to ta-
Granny's Son: Save it for the camera! Well...Let's go!
Compass: This place sure does have a lot of fungi growing in it. Reminds me of Scotland!
Bag: There sure are a lot of shady peop-
Granny's Son: What did we just talk about!?
Bum: Hey, kid...Want a banana? First one's free.
Granny: AAARQU!

Granny's Son: GRANNY! Didn't I teach you to say no to bananas! They cause lung cancer!
Granny: AAARQU!
Bag: What do you exactly do with ban-
Compass: Why don't yeshut ye talker for a while!
Bag: :(
Bum: Hey, kid...I have pizza...Get in the car.
Granny's Son: I hate pizza!
Bum: Then, I have Candy...
Bag: Oh boy! I love candy!
Bum: See ya!
Granny's Son: Bag was just kidnapped in the Mick Junior vacinity!
Compass: I always knew this place was just a heap of losers!
Bum: This Bag can talk! Take it back! They scare me!
Jazz: Woof!
Stevie: No, Jazz! Down! BAD! Granny! Help me! Jazz is trying to eat me!
Granny: AAARQU!
Stevie: What did she say?
Granny's Son: She said that your name is too close to copy-right infringement, so she'll have to leave you to your doom! Ha Ha!
Stevie: NO! AAAHHHHHH!
Granny's Son: Hi, Dora!
Dora the Beserker: Hi! Have you seen Stevie?
Granny's Son: No!
Dora Beserker: Okeh! We're about to start the show!
Granny's Son: I thought that you hated all children! Why are you teaching them!?
Dora the Beserker: I'm not teaching them. I'm telling them to do stupid things. They will want to go to the 'live performances', which are all around the country. They can't tell what shows are good or bad. They will sing thoses idiotic things all day, and their parents will get sick of it, and let them go to the performances all alone. Then, I have an early Christmas treat, a treat that made me wanted in 49 states.
Granny's Son: What about the 50th!?
Dora the Beserker: No one lives in Wyoming.
Granny's Son: Oh!
Director Dan: You're on in 3...2...!
Dora the Beserker: Hi. My name is Dora. Today, I have some special friends on. Meet Granny and Granny's Son!

Unknown: Hic! Boom! Ohh!
Dora the Beserker: What was that, Shoes?
Shoes: It sounded like a Drunk hitting a Weakling if you ask me!
Granny's Son: You still have that menace with you!? That thing is a monster!
Shoes: Ooh ooh, ahh ahh! I looove bananas!
Dora the Beserker: They cause lung cancer.
Shoes: Oh well! You can't tell me what to do! I'm not a robot!
Dora the Beserker: Okeh...Well, let's meet the Drunk and the Weakling!
Shoes: But Dora, I don't know how to get to the Drunk!
Silly Wabbit: Tricks are for kids!
Shoes: Oh! You mean we have to use the Compass!
Silly Wabbit: No. I mean, tricks are for kids! Bye!
Compass: I'm the Compass! Yea!...To get to the Drunk, you have to go *through* the river and *through* the forest to get to the Drunk! Say it with me! River, forest, Drunk! River, forest, Drunk! River, forest, Drunk! River, forest, Drunk! River, forest, Drunk! River, forest, Drunk! River, forest, Drunk! River, forest, Drunk! River, forest, Drunk! River, forest, Drunk! River, forest, Drunk! River, forest, Drunk! River, forest, Drunk! River, forest, Drunk! River, forest, Drunk! River, forest, Drunk! Yea!
Dora the Beserker: So, we have to go *through* the r-
Granny's Son: We heard it enough! Let's just go!
Dora the Beserker: Hey! We are at the river!
Granny's Son: Duh! The place you need to get to is always a second away!
Dora the Beserker: Uh-oh! How do we get across the river?
Shoes: I don't know, Dora!
Dora the Beserker: That's right! We have to dance the Silly Piggy Dance!
Granny's Son: Okeh, how do you-WHAT!? How do you possibly get across a raging river by dancing!? And when did this dance come up in the episode!?
Dora the Beserker: Stand up, please!
Shoes: Up, up!
Dora the Beserker: Stand up, please!
Shoes: Up, up!
Dora the Beserker: Stand up, please!
Shoes: Up, up!
Dora the Beserker: Stand up, please!

Shoes: Up, up!
Dora the Beserker: Stand up, please!
Shoes: Up, up!
Granny's Son: How many times do you have to say it!?
Dora the Beserker: Now, swing your arms from side to side! Then, jump up and down, while saying 'Oink'!
Shoes: Dora! The dance isn't working!
Dora the Beserker: We have to swim harder!
Granny's Son: WHAT!? We aren't even swimming!
Dora the Beserker: Jump! We made it!
Shoes: Where do we go now!?
Dora the Beserker: We go to the forest! Sing it with us! River! Forest! Drunk!
Shoes: Yea! We're here!
Granny's Son: Why does nothing make any sense here!?
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: Oh...
Dora the Beserker: Oh, no! Big Blue Rooster is in the way of the forest!
Granny's Son: We can go around it! It's made up of 10 trees! It's really a cluster of trees in a never-ending meadow!
Dora the Beserker: You have to say 'Bag' to get the shotgun from it!
Bag: Bag, Bag! Bag, Bag! I've got things, yea! Dora needs the shotgun! Do you see the shotgun?...Is this the shotgun?...No! This is the handgun!...Is this the shotgun?...No! It's the AK-47!...Is this the shotgun?...No! It's the M-16!...Is this the shotgun?...No! It's the rifle!...Is this the shotgun?...No! It's the rocket launcher!...Is this the shotgun?...No! It's the musket!...Is this the shotgun?...Yes! We found the shotgun!
Dora the Beserker: Die, Rooster! (BAM).
Big Blue Rooster: PICKAW!
Shoes: Let's eat!
Dora the Beserker: No, Shoes! We need to see who the Drunk is! Let's go through the forest!
Swiper the Racoon: Dora the Beserker! I am going to swipe your stuff!
Dora the Beserker: Is someone there?...Swiper?...Where?
Swiper the Racoon: I am 32 degrees South-east of you! OVER HERE!
Dora the Beserker: You see Swiper?...Where?...Right behind us?...Oh, no! To stop Swiper-

Granny's Son: Let me guess, you say something stupid like 'Swiper no swiping!'!
Dora the Beserker: -, we have to kill it with the shotgun! (BAM).
Swiper the Racoon: Oh-man! AHH!
Shoes: Dora! I'm out of bananas! We need to search the forest for them, because I looove bananas!
Granny's Son: I already told you! Bananas cause lung cancer!
Shoes: Oh, no! I have lung cancer, now! We have to find Tico the Chipmunk so he can drive us the the hospital!
Dora the Beserker: No, Shoes! We need to find the Drunk first!
Granny: AAARQU!
Dora the Beserker: You see bananas? Where?
Granny: AAARQU!
Dora the Beserker: Right behing me? Let's shoot them!
Shoes: N o o o o o o o o o o o o o! (BAM).
Dora the Beserker: I just killed Shoes by accident! Oh, no!...I mean, yea! Now I don't have to pay the hospital bill!
Granny's Son: Granny! Stop eating that monkey's carcus! It has cancer!
Dora the Beserker: Now, we went *through* the river *and* the forest! Now we go to the Drunk!
Granny's Son: We're here! We only walked 50 feet! You do not-need-a-compass!
Dora the Beserker: The Drunk is....................................Lenny the Cow! who is Lenny beating up?...................................Tico the Chipmunk! Stop, Lenny! To stop Lenny, we have to say 'Swiper no Swiping'!
Granny's Son: There's the Swiper no Swiping thing, like I said there woul-WHAT!? What will that do!?
Dora the Beserker: Let's just kill Lenny instead! (BAM).
Tico the Chipmunk: Tre Ya Ravoir Llan Yar!
Granny's Son: That's not even Spanish!
Dora the Beserker: It sounds French, but he's not surrendering, so it can't be...Let's kill it! (BAM).
Granny's Son: Who's that over there!?
"Smith": I'm placing you under arrest, Dora the Beserker.
Dora the Beserker: Why!?
"Smith": You have the posession of 6 guns, and you murdered 4 animals.
Dora the Beserker: Oh-man!
Swiper the Racoon: Hey! That's my line!

Granny's Son: I thought you were dead!
Swiper the Racoon: I am? Oh-man!

The Adventures of Granny 8

Granny's Son: Hey, Granny, today do you want to test that time machine that hobo on the street sold us!?
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: Okeh!

Grannys Son: Get inside!
Granny: No! AAARQU!
Granny's Son: Don't you talk to me that way!
Granny: No! AAARQU!
Granny's Son: I know I am, but what are you!?
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: Just get into the time machine!
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: I'm pressing the overpriced buttons! It's broken!
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: You're right! It could be Granny powered! Push the button with your 9th toe on your 3rd foot on your 7th leg!...It worked! Get inside!

Granny's Son: Where are we!?
Paul McCartney: Who are you? And who's the deformed one?
Granny's Son: Paul McCartney!?
John Lennon: I keep telling you, I feel like I'll marry someone called Oko Ono, and everyone will say that she's a monkey!
Granny's Son: John Lennon!?
George Harrison: I feel like I'll die after the millenium because of cancer...Maybe I should stop taking drugs...
Granny's Son: George Harrison!?
Pete Best: What do you think will happen to me?
Granny's Son: Nobody ever knew what happened to him...Granny!
Granny: AAARQU! (BAM).
Granny's Son: You just killed Pete Best!
Granny: AAARRQU! No one'll miss him! AAARQU!
Paul McCartney: You killed Pete Best! Where will we find a drummer for tonight's concert!?

Richard Starkey: I heard you needed a replacement!
Granny's Son: Richard Starkey!?
Paul McCartney: Is that his name? Well-
Granny: AAARQU!
Paul McCartney: You're perfect!
Ringo: Really!? I'll call myself Ringo Starr!
Paul McCartney: Not You! The Granny!
Ringo: Oh...
Granny's Son: NO! Granny doesn't even know how to talk correctly!
Paul McCartney: Oh...Fine! We'll take the short, big-nosed, terrible singing voice, Thomas-the-Choo-Choo-Train-Grandpa-Voice-Later-in-Life...Guy...
John Lennon: I'm gonna die first!
George Harrison: I will!
John Lennon: Bring it on!
George Harrison: If I kill you, you win, and vice versa...
John Lennon: Oh...
Director Dan: You're on in 3...2...1...Go!
Paul McCartney: We're late! How do we get to the stage in time?
Granny's Son: Get on Granny! She flies!
Paul McCartney: ...Right...

Director Dan: And now, the Beagles...
Crickets: Chirp...Chirp...Chirp...
Granny's Son: Psst! Change their name to the Beatles!
Director Dan: The Beatles!
Magical Crowd Who appears out of no-where: Yay!
Director Dan: Wow! They never had an audience appear out of no where before!...Am I getting the ticket money!?
Granny: AAARQU! (BAM). (BAM). (BAM). (BAM).
Granny's Son: You just killed the Beatles!
Granny: AAARQU!
Granny's Son: 'You kill every bug you see'!? What kind of philosophy is that!?
Granny: Granny's! AAARQU!
Director Dan: It talks! RUN!
Crowd: Ahh!
Granny's Son: We're going back to the Granny age! (WWWAAARRRPPP!!!)

Granny's Son: So, how did you like the sixties!?

Granny: AAARQU!

Granny's Son: Don't worry! We're only in jail for 75 more years!...Don't you hate old crusty eye-wittnesses!?...Why did the police man convention have to be there, too!?

Granny: AAARQU!

Granny's Son: We were charged for murdering *4* people. No one cares about Pete Best.



Miscellaneous?

"Granny Learns to spell"

Granny's gonna learn how to write,
She's gonna write,
She's gonna write.
We are gonna teach her right,
Teach her right,
Teach her right.
Or else we'll give her bike a flat tire,
Bike a flat tire,

Bike a flat tire.
Iiif that doesn't work,
Doesn't work,
Doesn't work.
We will light her bike on fire,
Bike on fire,
Bike on fire.
So Granny better learn how to write,
Learn how to write,
Granny: Learn how to *write.*

~Granny throws her cane and does the Giraffe Dance.

~Granny rips off her dress and goes to the front of the line for the Granny Rap.

-Subject:
Tells who or what the sentence is about. Subject, **subject.**
-Predicate:
Tells what the subject does or is. Predicate, **predicate.**
-Sentence Fragment:
Is not a complete'a thought. Sentence, **fragment.**
-Run-On Sentence:
Is two or more sentences written as one. Run-on, **sentence.**

Granny! These are 4 different types of sentences:
-Declarative:
Tells or states somethin' using a period at the end.
Granny's shades are black.
-Exclamatory:
Expresses feeling using an exlamation point at the end.
~Hit your head.

Oow, my head!
-Interrogative:
Asks a question using a question mark at the end.
Could you slide me some bread, Jive turkey?
-Imperative:
Requests or orders using a period at the end.
~Someone pretends to bat someone else.
Hold it right there (holding a badge) . Stick your hands up, Bub.

~Granny gets suit back on and picks up the cane.

The importance of a sentence is the fact the we have the perennial ability to communicate amongst ourselves. Without sentences, the world would have billions of neandrathals even dumber than the gorillas in 2001: A Space Odyssey before the monolith was planted by the extra terrestrials. With sentences, we can

buy items from places, talk on our 1970's cellphone, and even read this right now!

~Breathes loudly and falls over.

~Granny holds the cane up using both hands, says,"I'll get you whipper-snappers someday," and makes a macaronic face.

Oh no! Granny's back!

~Brian & Dan G. run away.

~Granny throws her cane and trips over it when chasing Brian & Dan G.